

Facts, Fiction, Fashions and Latest Features of Interest to the Families of Washington

Memoirs of a Yellow Dog By O. Henry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

"Why he uses Nature's Own Remedy. He gets spifflicated. At first when we go out he's as shy as the man on the steamer who would rather play pedro when they make 'em all jackpots. By the time we've been in eight saloons he don't care whether the thing on the end of his line is a dog or a catfish. I've lost two inches of my tail trying to side-step those swinging doors."

The pointer—see that dog that terrier—vaudeville please copy—set me to thinking.

One evening about 6 o'clock my mistress ordered him to get busy and do the cone act for Lovey. I have concealed it until now, but that is what she called me. The black-and-tan was called "Sweetness." I consider that I have the bulge on him as far as you could chase a rabbit. Still, "Lovey" is something of a nomenclature tin can on the tail of one's respect.

At a quiet place on a safe street I tightened the line of my custodian in front of an attractive, refined saloon. I made a dead-ahead scramble for the door, whining like a dog in the street. The pointer, that lets the family know that little Alice is bogged while gathering lilies in the brook.

"Why, darn my eyes," says the old man, with a grin, "darn my eyes if the naffron-colored son of a seltzer lemonade ain't asking me in to take a drink. Lemme see—how long's it been since I saved a leather by keeping one foot on the foot-rest? I believe I'll—"

I knew I had him. Hot Scotchies he took, sitting at a table. For an hour he kept the Caraphell coming. I sat by his side, rapping for the waiter with my tail, and eating free lunch such as mamma in her flat never equalled with her homemade truck bought at a delicatessen store eight minutes before papa comes home.

When the products of Scotland were all exhausted except the rye bread the old man wound me around the table leg and played me outside like a fisherman plays a salmon. But there he took off my collar and threw it into the street.

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Remodeling a Wife By Mildred K. Barbour

CVI.—A Cruel Accusation.

The salad course was being served when Doris entered the dining room.

Carrington sprang up and greeted her affably. There was no trace of anger in his manner, but Doris was not deceived. She knew that the storm would be all the more terrible for the temporary repression in the name of hospitality.

The Forbes were exceedingly gracious. They had little in common with Doris and had not regretted her presence. Mrs. Forbes, who had married Doris early in her married life, had not changed her first opinion that Stewart Carrington had married a little fool and the situation that night, though gracefully explained by their host, only strengthened her private belief.

The dinner went off well, fatigue driving Doris to unwonted and unnatural vivacity. They were late for the play for which the Forbes had seats and as it was a musical comedy Mrs. Forbes insisted on continuing conversation through two short stupid acts and one long interesting one.

They drove Doris home and Stewart and Mrs. Forbes went to the train to see Mr. Forbes off for Detroit.

Doris knew there was no hope of

Daily Horoscope

This is a most unfortunate day, according to astrologers. Mercury, Mars, Venus, Saturn and Uranus are in malefic aspect.

All the signs seem to indicate forebodings and general depression as characteristic of the world mind at this time.

New clouds will gather—clouds of strife, discontent and unrest, which will cause grave concern.

Labor comes under attack, and is held to threaten serious troubles, especially for large corporations, including municipalities, manufacturing concerns and mining companies.

When the armistice was signed Mars was in sinister place and the seers then prophesied that peace was far off.

The forecast for the remainder of the year gives little hope of a return of serenity to the Earth, or a settlement of the most menacing problems of international scope.

Women are warned that Venus is read as in menacing place, making for jealousies, rivalries and heart-burnings where their interests are involved in public matters.

It is prophesied that politics will breed many slanders and sensations that will affect women in high place.

Danger of strikes in railway or shipping center again is forecast.

Persons who birthdate it is should be careful of letters or writings during the coming year.

Children born on this day may be restless, imaginative and high strung. These subjects of Taurus have Venus as their principal ruling planet.

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Silk Net Gown To Be Favorite



By CORA MOORE.

New York's Fashion Authority.

Nothing is going to figure more prominent among spring and summer materials for evening wear than the finer nets and laces. Fashion has called them back for another long reign.

In the illustration is shown a sketch of one of Geraldine Farrar's conventional gowns of dark blue silk net.

The foundation of satin is narrow, plain and continued at the top into a princess girdle. Two circular cut flounces have their diagonal edges sewed together and the flounces are then adjusted so that they fall into points at the sides from the overdrapes. The bodice consists of folds of the net enclosing three folds of white chiffon and this, an Eton of the same net, its edges like those of the flounces, being finished with an inch-wide sequin banding of the same blue as the net.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

By HOWARD R. GARIS

UNCLE WIGGILY AND LULU'S BOUNCER.

"Uncle Wiggily! Will you please bring me something when you come back?" called Lulu Wiggibobble, the duck girl, as she saw the bunny rabbit gentleman hopping down the woodland path one morning.

"Well, I'm going to look for an adventure," said Mr. Longears. "Do you want me to bring you back one of those?"

"If it's a nice one, I do," quacked Lulu.

"But the trouble is often my adventures are not nice," spoke the bunny uncle. "I so often get into trouble with the Pipsawah or the Skeekies."

"But you always get out again," quacked Lulu.

But adventures were scarce that day. Mr. Longears saw neither the Pip nor the Skeek, and as for the Skuddlemagoon, that chap was nowhere in sight, for which the bunny was thankful.

"Well, I may as well go back home," said Uncle Wiggily. "But what can I bring Lulu?"

Just then he heard a voice singing:

"Who will buy? Who will buy? Red and green and blue and white. They are very strong and nice. Just the thing for you."

"What is so strong and nice?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I hope you are not talking about onions!"

"Certainly not," answered a jolly voice. "I am selling rubber balloons."

"Uncle Wiggily exclaimed: 'I'll take Lulu a balloon.'"

"Oh, how lovely," quacked the duck and when she saw the bal-

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PRIME ROAST BEEF	
Native Steers—tender and juicy—home dressed	
Prime Rib..... lb. 38c	Rib and Loin Chops lb. 45c
Bouillon..... lb. 32c	Shoulder Chops..... lb. 40c
Shoulder Clod..... lb. 32c	Shoulder Roast..... lb. 35c
Chuck..... lb. 28c	Loin Roast..... lb. 40c
Leg o' Lamb..... lb. 42c	Breast (bone out) lb. 28c
Loin Lamb Chops..... lb. 50c	Cutlets..... lb. 60c
MILK-FED VEAL	
Strictly Fresh Eggs Packed in Carton and Guaranteed Doz., 45c	
Fresh Creamery Butter Cut From the Tub Lb., 78c	
Bermuda Onions Texas Grown First of the season 2 lbs. for 25c	
Potatoes Fancy Western Stock Pk., \$1.20	
Gold Medal Flour Standard 12-lb. Bag 98c	
Regina Sliced Peaches Large Cans 3 for \$1	
P-K Wonderful Coffee Roasted and ground on the spot Lb., 38c	

Helene's Married Life By MAY CHRISTIE

LXXXIV.—Back to Town.

When that worthy arrived at half past ten, the verdict was a favorable one. Tomorrow the patient could be carefully removed to town, in a private limousine. A couch would be fixed up inside the vehicle, so that he could rest properly during the journey. And—granted ordinary precautions were taken—no ill effects need be anticipated.

It was joyous news for me. Events had been so nervy-racking lately that I literally longed for town. I couldn't entirely blame Alice for her temporary flight.

And, of course, under the new arrangement, I should be nearer her and able to keep an eye upon her doings.

I spent that afternoon alone with Jim. We were immensely happy. He and I. We did not talk much. But I think our silences were understandable. Life is very good, he said once, his dark eyes fixed upon my face. "If it always could go on like this—"

I crushed down an impulse to assure him that it always would if I had anything to say about it. I was in love with Jim—yes—more deeply in love than in the first ecstatic days of our honeymoon.

For I had suffered. As the old French proverb has it, "To love is to suffer." And suffering deepens the very quality of love.

There was nothing in the world I wouldn't do for Jim, I told myself. No sacrifice would be too great to regain health and happiness to him.

For, in a measure, the whole tragedy of his illness had been my fault. I'd driven him from me. I had quarreled with him. Well, that was all over now. Fate loomed. "You couldn't have brought me anything nicer."

"I'm glad you like it," Uncle Wiggily said. "The monkey doddie you could sit on these balloons, they were so strong."

"Oh, I'm going to try!" quacked Lulu. She put the big round, red balloon down on the floor and tied to sit in the air she came down on the red balloon with both feet. And then a funny thing happened.

Lulu popped up in the air just as Jimmie and Bully, the frog, had jumped up and down on the spring board. Up and down bounced Lulu when she had jumped on the rubber balloon.

"Oh, look, Uncle Wiggily!" cried the duck girl. "This is a regular bouncer. Alice had a bouncer, but I have a bouncer. Do try it, Uncle Wiggily," invited Lulu.

"Do you think it would be all right?" asked the bunny gentleman. "Of course it would," said Lulu. "I'll hold the strong red rubber balloon down on the floor. Uncle Wiggily backed into a corner and then gave a run. His rheumatism did not hurt him much that day and he did not need his red, white and blue striped crutch. If he had jumped with that he might have punctured a hole in the balloon.

Up in the air jumped Uncle Wiggily, and then he came down on the balloon. And then, just as the spring had done, up he bounced again, just as a rubber ball bounces.

Down came the bunny on the balloon again and once more he bounced up higher than before.

"I haven't done yet," exclaimed Mr. Longears, taking a long breath. Then he came down extra hard on the balloon and when he went bouncing up the next time his head hit the ceiling with a big bang whack!

"Oh, what's that? What's that?" cried Mrs. Wiggibobble. "Is the Pipsawah of the Skeekies trying to break in? Oh, where's Uncle Wiggily?"

"He's bouncing on my bouncer and it was his head that hit the ceiling!"

The bunny swung to one side as he descended and came down on the spring net. He didn't land on the bouncer this time.

"I've had enough," he said, rubbing his neck, twinkling nose. "And don't you go as high as the ceiling. Lulu, or you'll have a lump on your head."

Fashionable Nancy



The Head Nurse Says:

Color Affects Nerves

Have you ever visited some place where you were uncomfortable and nervous and could not decide the reason why? Or does your shop or work room get on your nerves in an equally mysterious way? Stop and analyze your situation. Perhaps you are having to make an undue effort to see. You look out the window and find the sun shining as brightly as ever; you examine the light and find it on to capacity.

What color are your walls? Dark, perhaps, or if in the lighter tones perhaps it is an absorbing color and does not leave sufficient light for your use. The comparative value of a light colored wall covering has been calculated from a systematic photometry to be as follows: Gray, that one hundred candles give a certain light in a room covered with black cloth, eighty-seven candles will give the same amount of light when dark brown paper is used. With blue paper seventy-two are as effective; with fresh yellow paint, sixty candles will do; newly dressed deal boarded walls require only fifty candles; but if the walls are covered in pure white, fifteen candles will have as much lighting effect as the hundred when surrounded by the black covered walls.

Now this is not a theory but a fact which confronts us and yet we go on covering the north room walls in dark paper and using the same candle power day after day. The first effect will be on the optic nerve and then the nervous system known as the pneumogastric system, which will cause gastric irritability.

I assured her that I would be very happy.

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What's in a Name?

By Mildred Marshall.

MELISSA.

Melissa is literally one of the sweetest of feminine names. It comes from the Greek word meaning "to soothe or sweeten," and hence, honey or the honey-bee. Melissa was something said to have been the name of the nymph who first taught the use of honey, and the pretty fancy arising from this belief made bees the symbol of nymphs. Strangely enough, Melissa came to be the title of a priestess, as well as a feminine name, in classic times.

The Italian poets called Melissa the beneficent fairy who protected Bradamante and directed Ruggiero to escape from Atlante and afterward from Alcina, upon the hippogriff. It is they who are responsible for Melissa's heritage of romance and for her widespread popularity in romance-loving lands.

France has a Melissa in great vogue and Melite, another form, is also popular. The sweet significance of Melissa brought her into favor with the Puritans in this country where she still exists as a proper name for demure maidenhood. In France, on the other hand, Melissa implies a tinge of mischief and coquetry which has made her a popular heroine in literature.

The pearl is Melissa's gem. It will enhance her sweetness and affability and bring her sincere friends. The pearl's augury for tears will be important in the case of Melissa, since the gem will prove a talisman against unhappiness and dangers of every sort. Wednesday is her lucky day and 3 her lucky number. The daisy is her flower.

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